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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The wind is old and still at play
While I must hurry upon my way
For I am running to Paradise.
Yet never have I lit on a friend
To take my fancy like the wind
That nobody can buy or bind—
And there the king is but as the beggar.

THE PLAYER QUEEN

Song from an Unfinished Play.

My mother dandled me and sang,
“How young it is, how young!”
And made a golden cradle
That on a willow swung.

“He went away,” my mother sang,
“When I was brought to bed;”
And all the while her needle pulled
The gold and silver thread.

She pulled the thread and bit the thread
And made a golden gown,
And wept because she’d dreamt that I
Was born to wear a crown.

Poems

"When she was got," my mother sang,
"I heard a sea-mew cry,
And saw a flake of the yellow foam
That dropped upon my thigh."

How therefore could she help but braid
The gold into my hair,
And dream that I should carry
The golden top of care?

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learned?
I have found out how despairing
The moths are when they are burned.
But I am old and you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.

Oh you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
I could have warned you—but you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.